

FANTASTIC FOUR

MARVEL 22
LGY#724

RATED T+

BLOOD HUNT



TIE-IN

NORTH • FIORELLI • ABURTOV



I'm *Alicia Masters*, sculptor. Right now I'm surrounded by hundreds of survivors in Madison Square Garden.

Reed Richards got us here-- safely--through great effort. He's had to stretch himself-- mentally and literally-- to keep us all alive.

He's saving us from *vampires*.

We're resting, trying to recover, under the full-spectrum lights that are keeping us safe.



Until suddenly, they aren't there anymore.

The lights...

I felt it too! What do we--?

The next three things happen all at once.



I hear doors being forced at the entrance.

I hear breaking glass above us.

It's the sound of bone-deep fatigue.

And I hear a small, shuddering sigh from Reed. It's so quiet I don't think he even realizes he made the noise.

The man needs rest. Even *Mister Fantastic* can't do this again.

But he must.

And so he
does.

Everyone
stay--

ARRGH!

--stay
beneath
me!!

FWOO

He stretches out,
covering us like a roof.
He gives everything
he has and then
keeps going.

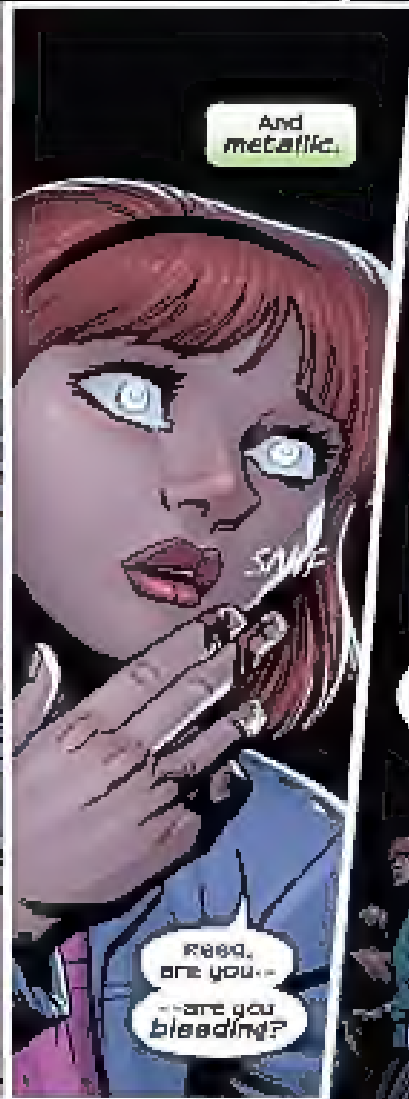


Like Ben and Sue and Johnny and everyone else who's ever been a member of the Fantastic Four...

...Reed Richards does what he can.




I get up quickly, but as I do, my hand touches something wet--and warm.



And metallic.

Read, are you--
--are you bleeding?




That emergency stretch--tore me, Aunt. But that's-- *book* --that's the least of our worries.

I'm keeping my wound *inside* to protect it from vampire infection.




Where do we go? The basement?



It's the only option left. And it's where the generator is.

But we have to move now...



...or, very soon, we won't be able to move at all!

Here
they
are...

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purely coincidental.

BEN GRIMM
THE THING

REED RICHARDS
MR. FANTASTIC

SUSAN RICHARDS
THE INVISIBLE
WOMAN

JOHNNY STORM
THE HUMAN
TORCH

Together,
they are the

FANTASTIC FOUR

& ALICIA
MASTERS-GRIMM

A group of vampires launched a coordinated attack across the globe, using Darkforce energy to blot out the sun. Mr. Fantastic and Alicia Masters-Grimm were in New York City when the assault began. Working together, they gathered and protected civilians from vampires in a stadium stronghold.

Back in Arizona, the remaining members of the team struggled to protect their children from a group of attacking vampires.

"SAFE ONCE MORE"

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**ARTZONAL
EARLIER.**

Sue, you're exhausted. First, tryin' to keep that invisibility field in th' sky, and now wit' the force-field protectin' us.

It ain't sustainable.

I just won't sleep, Ben. I'll stay awake.

Don't let me fall asleep.

Yer only human, Sue, which means yer gonna fall asleep eventually, whether ya want to or not. And when ya do...

I got an idea.

Maybe this is stupid, but, like—I do make light. Who says I can't make light like the sun does?

Full-spectrum solar radiation.

Yeah, UV and everything else! That'd do it, right? That's something I could do to fight vampires!

I mean—maybe. But how are ya gonna know when yer makin' the right kinda light, Johnny? Ain't there spectrographs an' whatnot ya gotta know?

Not Gee, I'll know I've got it right when they run from it.

**FLAME
ON!**





Reed has to get smaller, or that tear is going to get bigger. He contracts, pressing us together...

...but keeping us safe.



We move-- and are moved-- down to the basement.

I can't help but think that Reed's blood, left behind us, buys us a little time.



He stretches himself once more-- *expanding* to fill the space, to make sure there're no vampires in here with us.

He ensures there's no way in, that every steel door down here is *secure*.

His wounds *tear bigger*.



And then he retreats, becomes himself again...

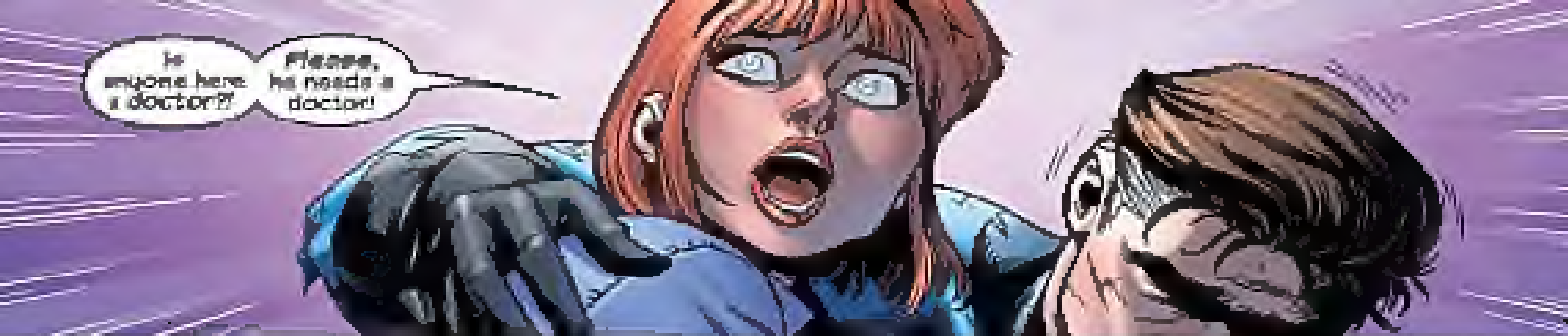
Aaaa...



...and tries to *heal*.

I've got you, Reed.

I've got you.



Is anyone here a doctor??

Please, please, he needs a doctor!



Um, I'm a third-year med student. My name's Priya.

He's injured, Priya. There's a tear...

I can see that. Does this, um, normally happen when he stretches?



Normally--don't need to go so far, so fast. Normally give myself more time...

Red is...

Okay, relax, save your strength, Mr. Fantastic. Uh, Mr. Richards.

Mr. Fantastic...



"Red"--is fine...

I can stitch him together, but I'm going to need tools.

If Sue were here, she'd form them with force-fields. If Johnny were here, he'd sterilize anything we found.

And Ben...



Ben would help to find the blamed things--just like I can.

Okay, everyone, listen up! We need scissors and thread and boiling water.

The lights may be gone, but we still have power. We've got a whole stadium basement to search, and Reed Richards is counting on us.

MOVE, MOVE, MOVE!

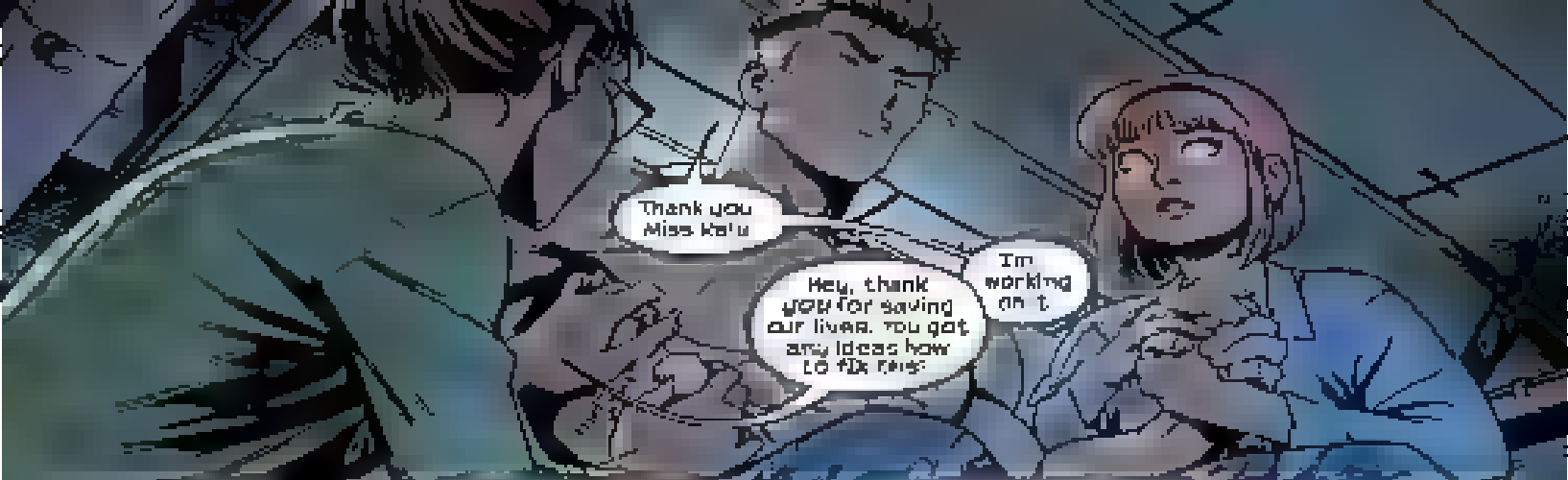
Well, we ain't
afraid here an' waitin'
to be vampire chow.
All aboard kids. We're
off to find help
an' be help,
if we can.

The first stop is the
neighborhood. Gra is and her
husband have a root cellar
under their house.

If Riley made
it here in
time

then
we can
help.





Thank you
Miss Kellu

Hey, thank
you for saving
our lives. You got
any ideas how
to fix this?

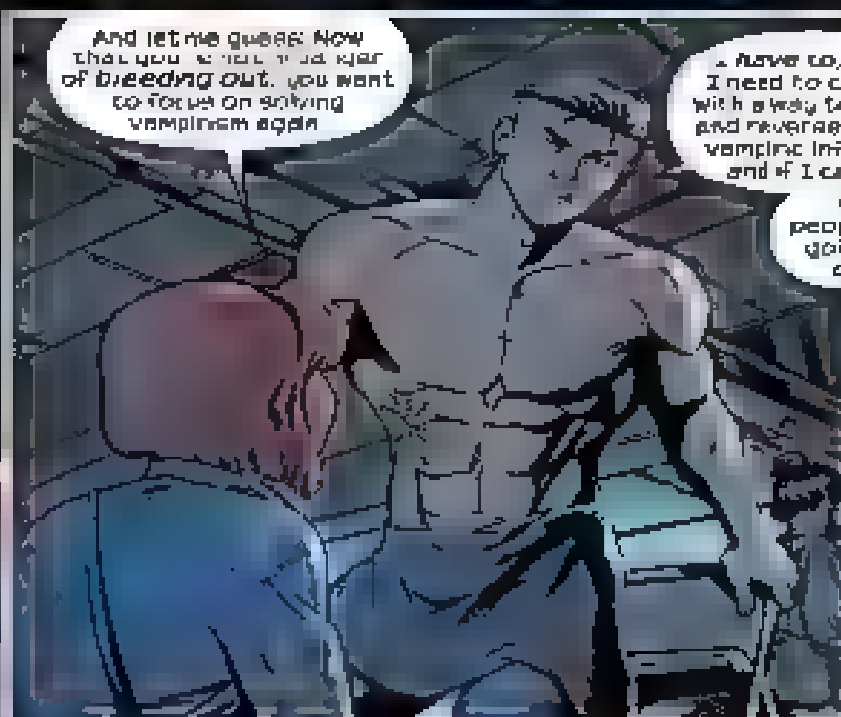
I'm
working
on it



You sound
improved
Ezed.

Indeed. The stitches
help keep the flesh
in place

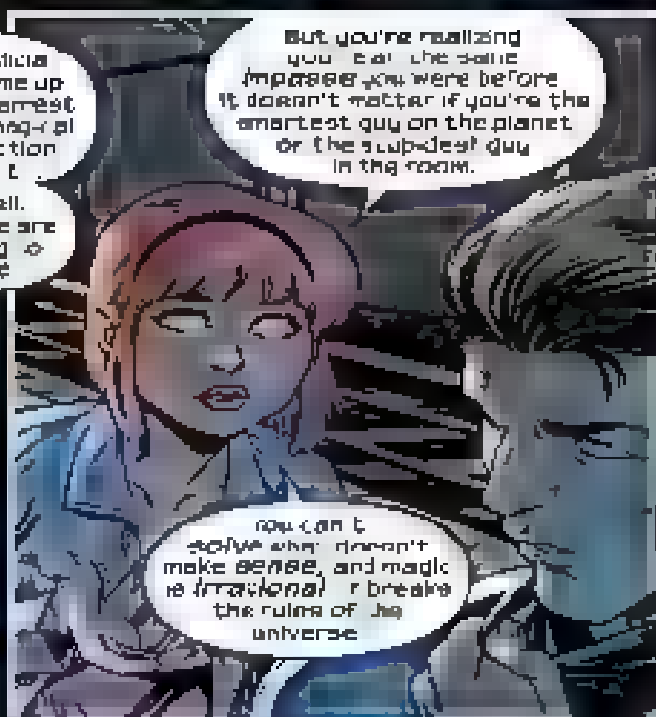
which lets me focus on
knitting myself back together
it's like stretching into
myself



And let me guess: Now
that you're not in a
state of bleeding out, you want
to focus on solving
vampirism again

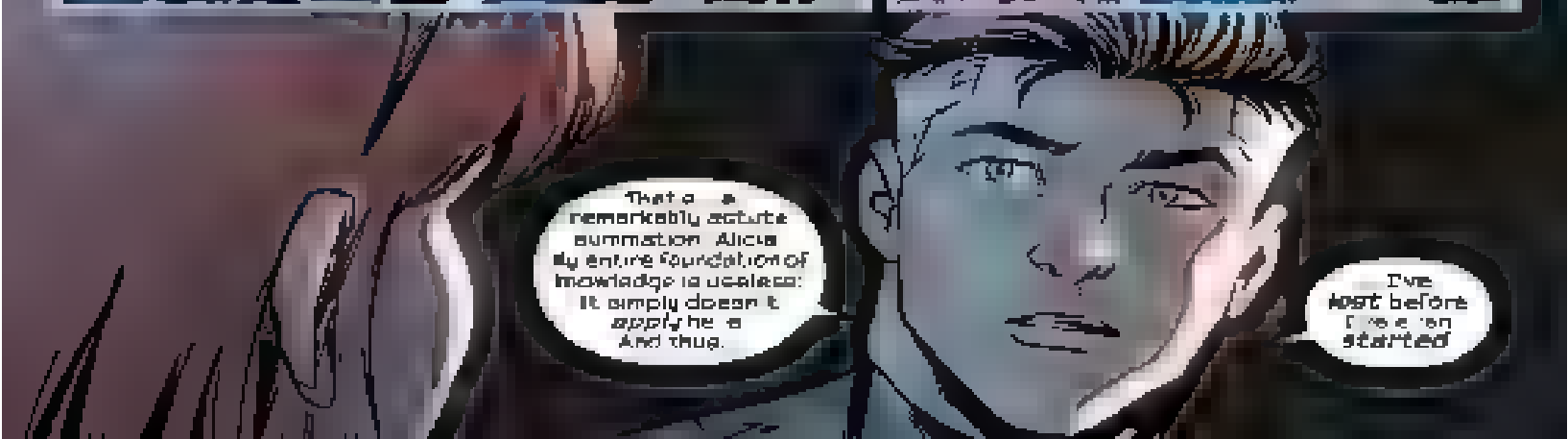
I have to, Alicia
I need to come up
with a way to arrest
and reverse magical
vampire infection
and if I can't

well,
people are
going to
die



But you're realizing
you're all the same
impossible you were before
it doesn't matter if you're the
smartest guy on the planet
or the stupidest guy
in the room.

you can't
solve what doesn't
make sense, and magic
is irrational. I break
the rules of the
universe



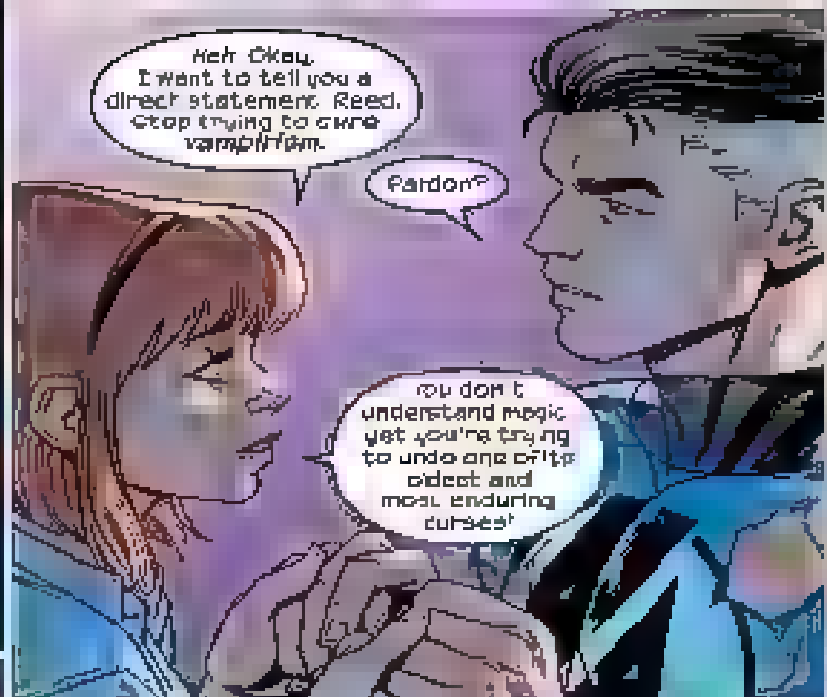
That's a
remarkably astute
summation Alicia
your entire foundation of
knowledge is useless:
it simply doesn't
apply here
And thus,

I've
lost before
I've even
started



That's not what I want. Look. I want to tell you a story. Reed.

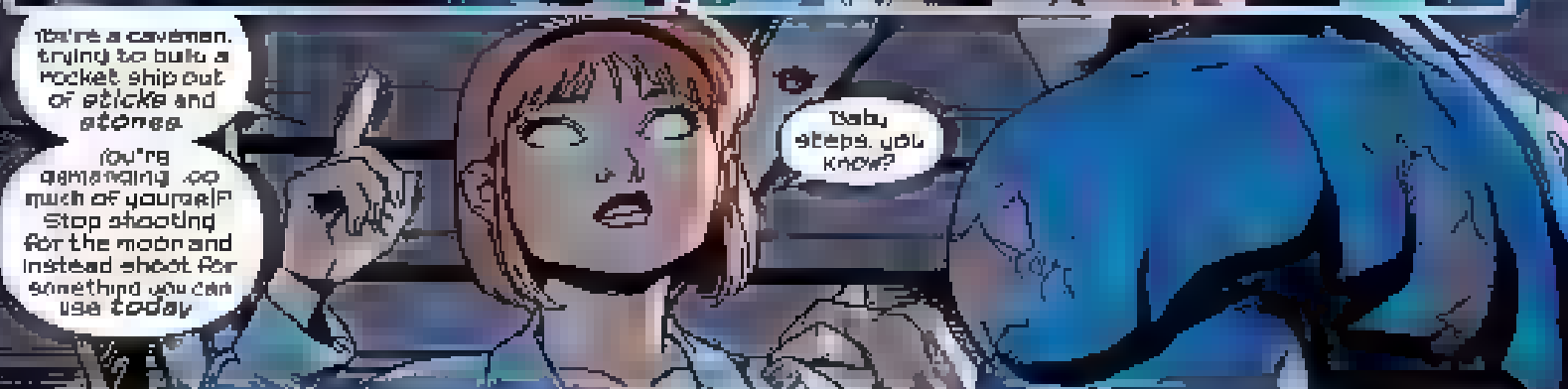
I prefer direct statements to metaphorical narratives with arguably oblique moral lessons.



Heh. Okay. I want to tell you a direct statement, Reed. Stop trying to cure vampirism.

Pardon?

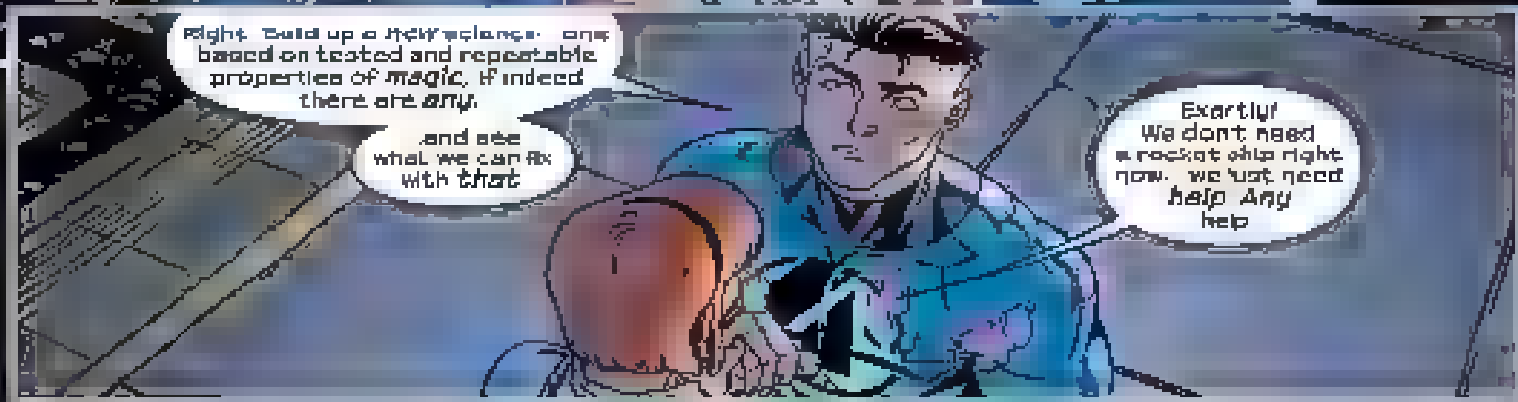
You don't understand magic, yet you're trying to undo one of its oldest and most enduring curses!



It's a caveman, trying to build a rocket ship out of sticks and stones.

You're demanding so much of yourself. Stop shooting for the moon and instead shoot for something you can use today.

Baby steps, you know?



Right. Build up a new science, one based on tested and repeatable properties of magic, if indeed there are any.

and see what we can fix with that.

Exactly! We don't need a rocket ship right now. We just need help. Any help.



And there's no one on Earth who, I believe, is better equipped to provide it.

You're smart, you're creative, you're motivated and there's got to be a scientist's worth of technology down here.

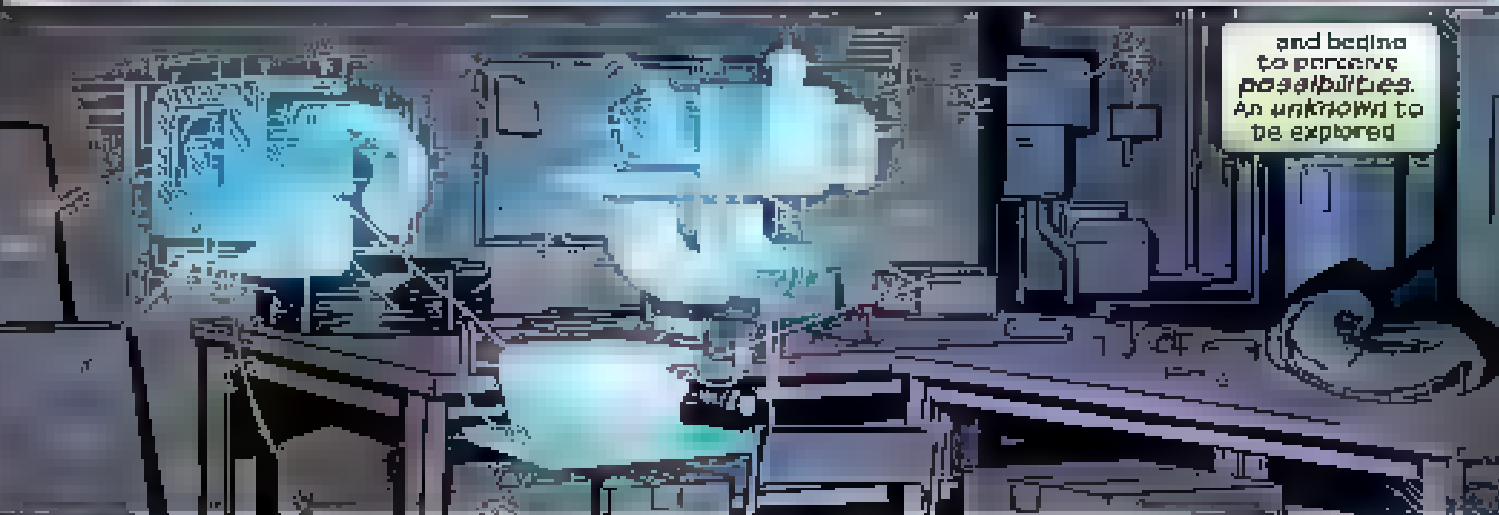


Go make some magic, Mr. Fantastic.

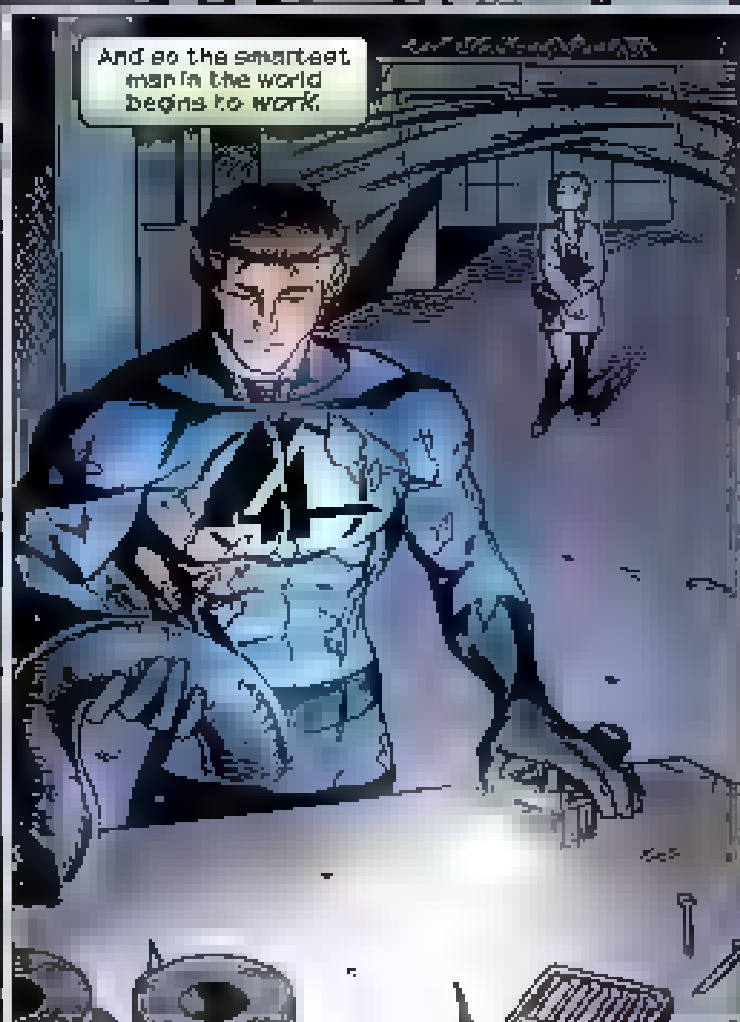
And in this darkened room, Reed takes in what supplies he has.



and begins to perceive possibilities. An unknown to be explored

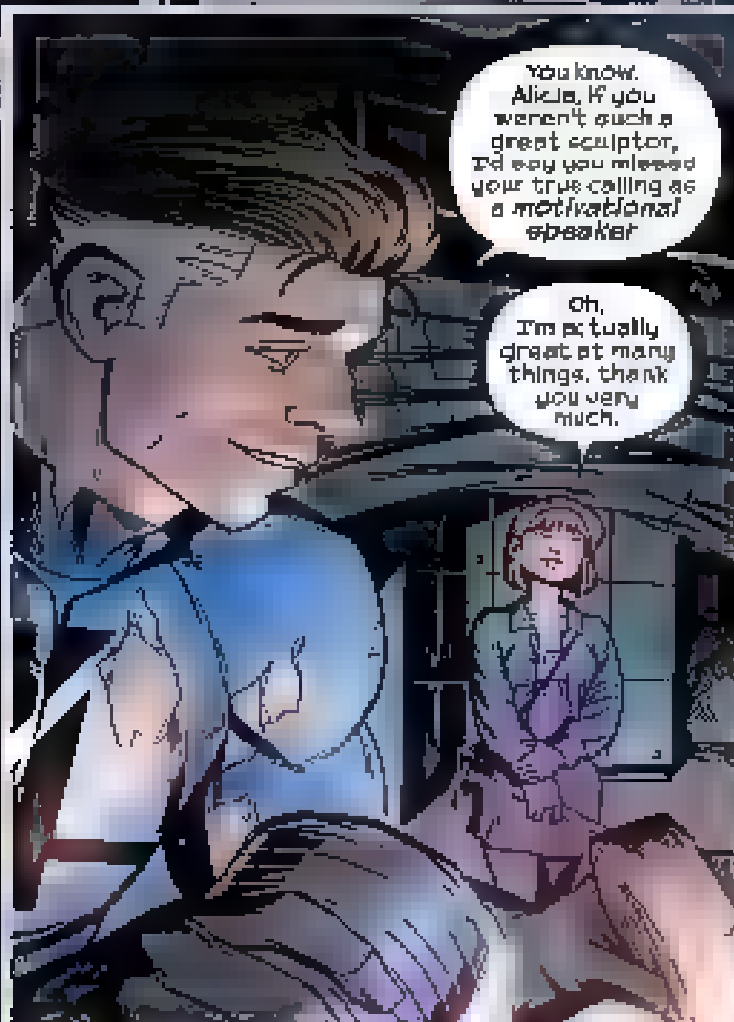


And so the smartest man in the world begins to work.



You know, Alicia, if you weren't such a great sculptor, I'd say you missed your true calling as a motivational speaker

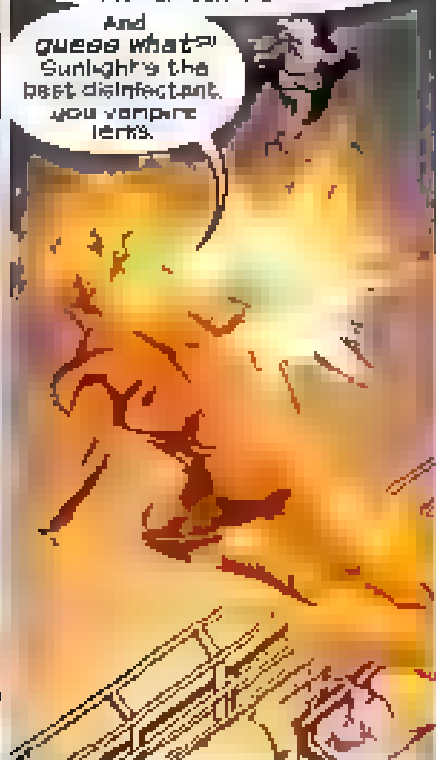
Oh, I'm actually great at many things. Thank you very much.





That's right! Any of you lurking in the shadows, you better listen up! These people are protected by the *Fantastic Four*!

And guess what? Sunlight's the best disinfectant, you vampire licks.



We *save* people! That's what we *do*! And we're gonna keep on saving people until there isn't anyone left who needs saving! Humans are off the menu, you hear me?



Go bite each other for all I care! Or cows. Maybe feed on cows.

Only you won't have a chance because Reed's gonna solve this *any* second now!

Also, don't feed on cows- we don't need vampire cows running around! And don't feed on any birds either, in fact, forget I mentioned both those ideas!

Hi, Uncle Johnny.

Go back to sleep buddy. We're good. Just had to teach some vampires who thought they'd sneak past the eye of the storm a lesson.

How long were you sitting on that line Johnny?

Oh sleep, sis. I'll have plenty more zingers when you wake.





Yes, Alice
is a cellular
resonator

is a cellular
resonator

I'm
listening



I'm far outside
the boundaries of
peer reviewed science
but I seem reasonable
that vibrationally initiated
cells, undred in the
common parlance, are
materially changed
from living ones

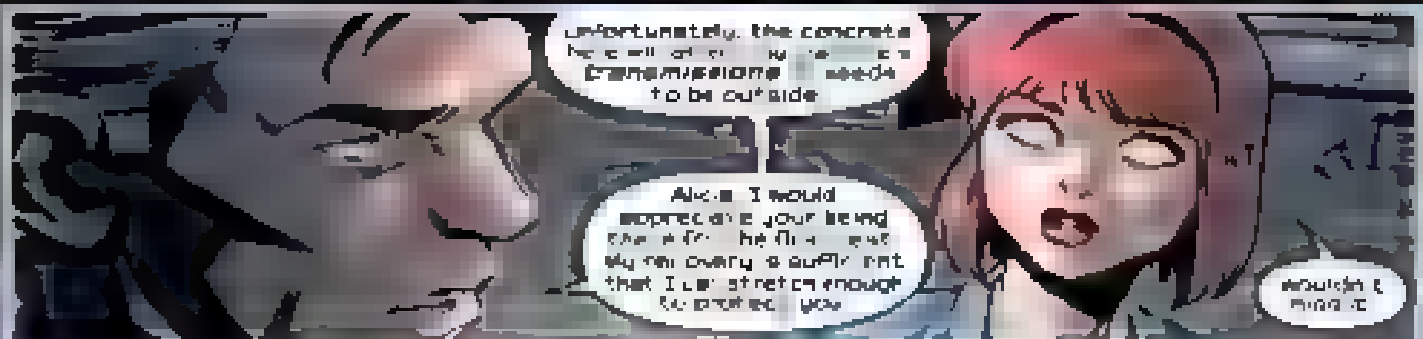
And that
means they may
may have a
different frequency
of mechanical
resonance



It does
cause infected
cells - which is
but leaves them
dead

Arresting
any further
infection precisely
because it is
there, not like
the facts

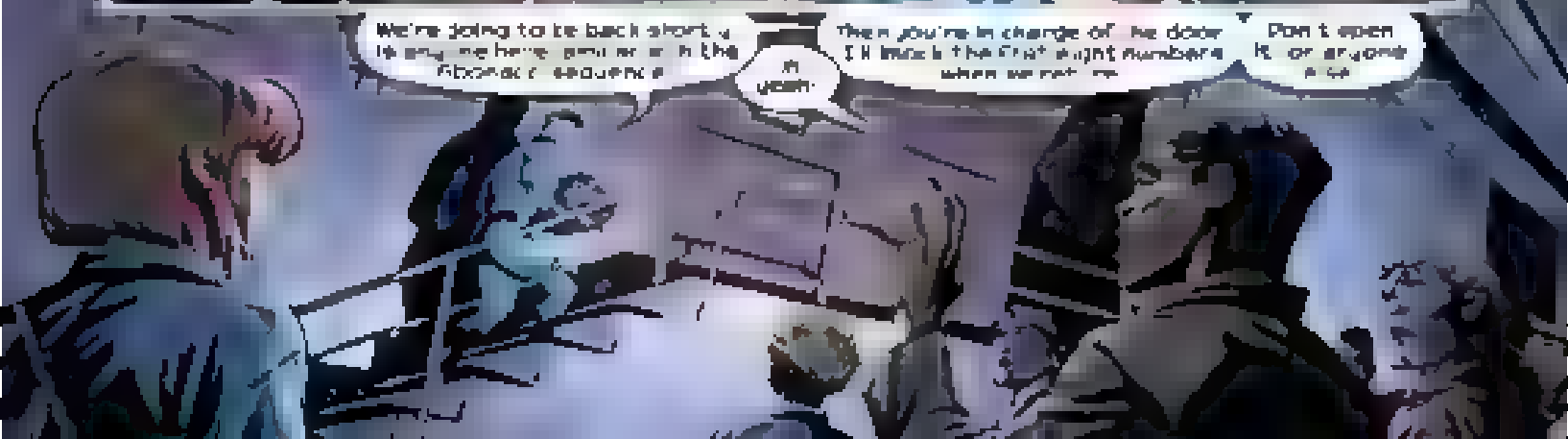
It is a theory
that will be
tested



Unfortunately, the concrete
has all of the same
transmissions needs
to be outside

Alice, I would
appreciate your being
the first to find out
why my theory is sufficient
that I can stretch enough
to protect you

Wouldn't
it mind it

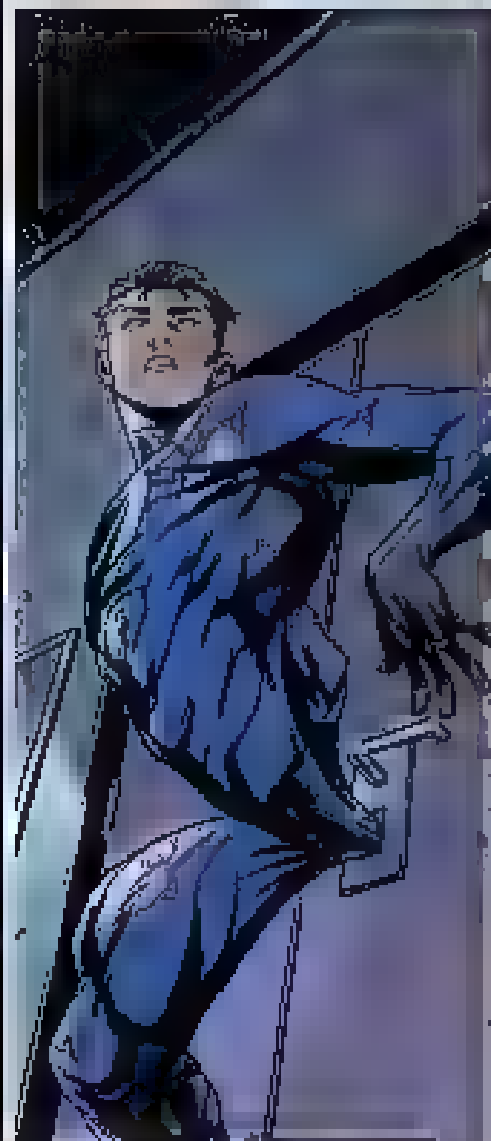
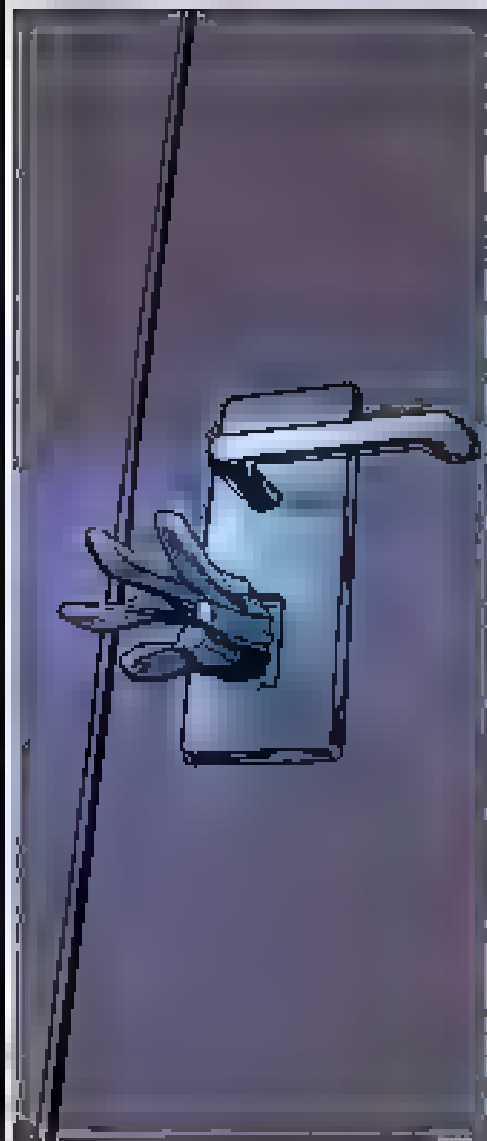


We're going to be back shortly
if any one here can hear in the
absence sequence

Yes

Then you're in charge of the door
I'll check the first eight numbers
when we return

Don't open
it or anyone
in it





Okey, we're out side Alicia

I noticed the ground changed from smooth asphalt to rough pavement

Ready for our first experiment?



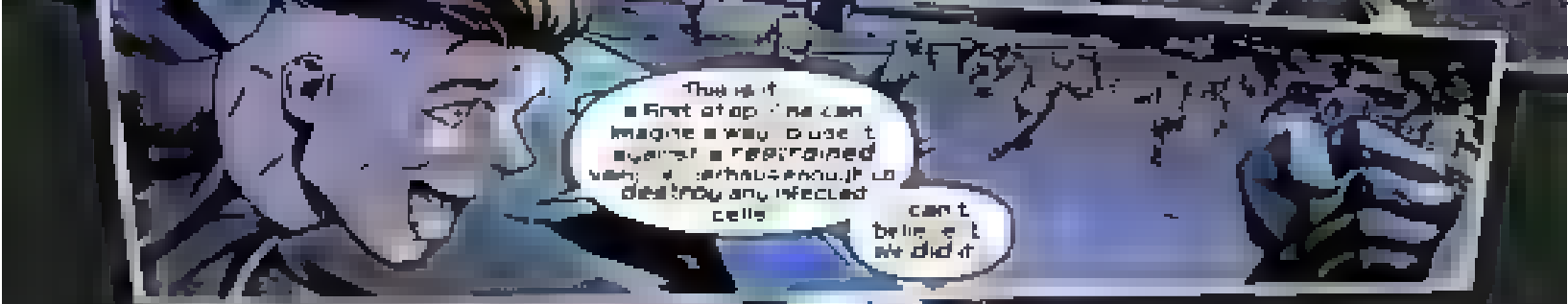
I am flipping the switch

WUW

It's working! Alicia is working!

It's repairing the virus!

SKREEE! SKREEE!



That's it! A first step! I can imagine a way to use it against a restrained virus... it's enthusiastic enough to destroy any infected cells

I can't believe it we did it!



We did it!

I knew you could do it, bud. What's the next step?

More experience, certainly, and we'll have to find a way to target it and to scale it up. We

What?

Something doesn't make sense.



Reed?

The
skins are
clearing
too.

That's
good,
isn't it?

Yes, but my resonator shouldn't be able to affect that even if it could reach that far. The inverse square law has to apply.



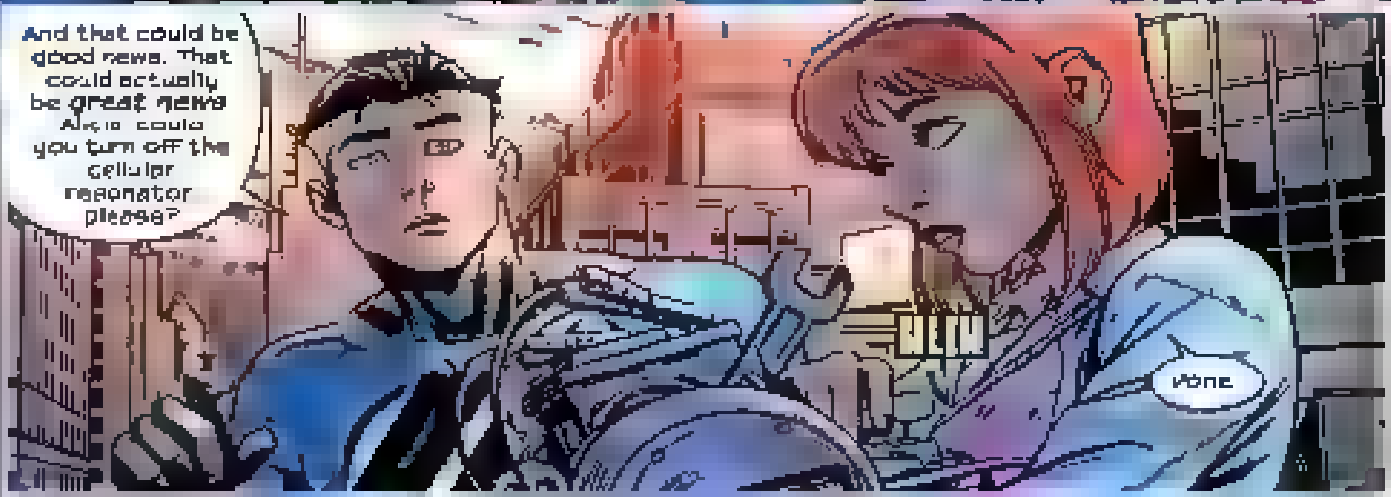
What I built should only be enough to hold infection at bay, locally and at the cellular level, and that's in the best case things are reversing. Alicia, that's not possible.

I couldn't, it can't.

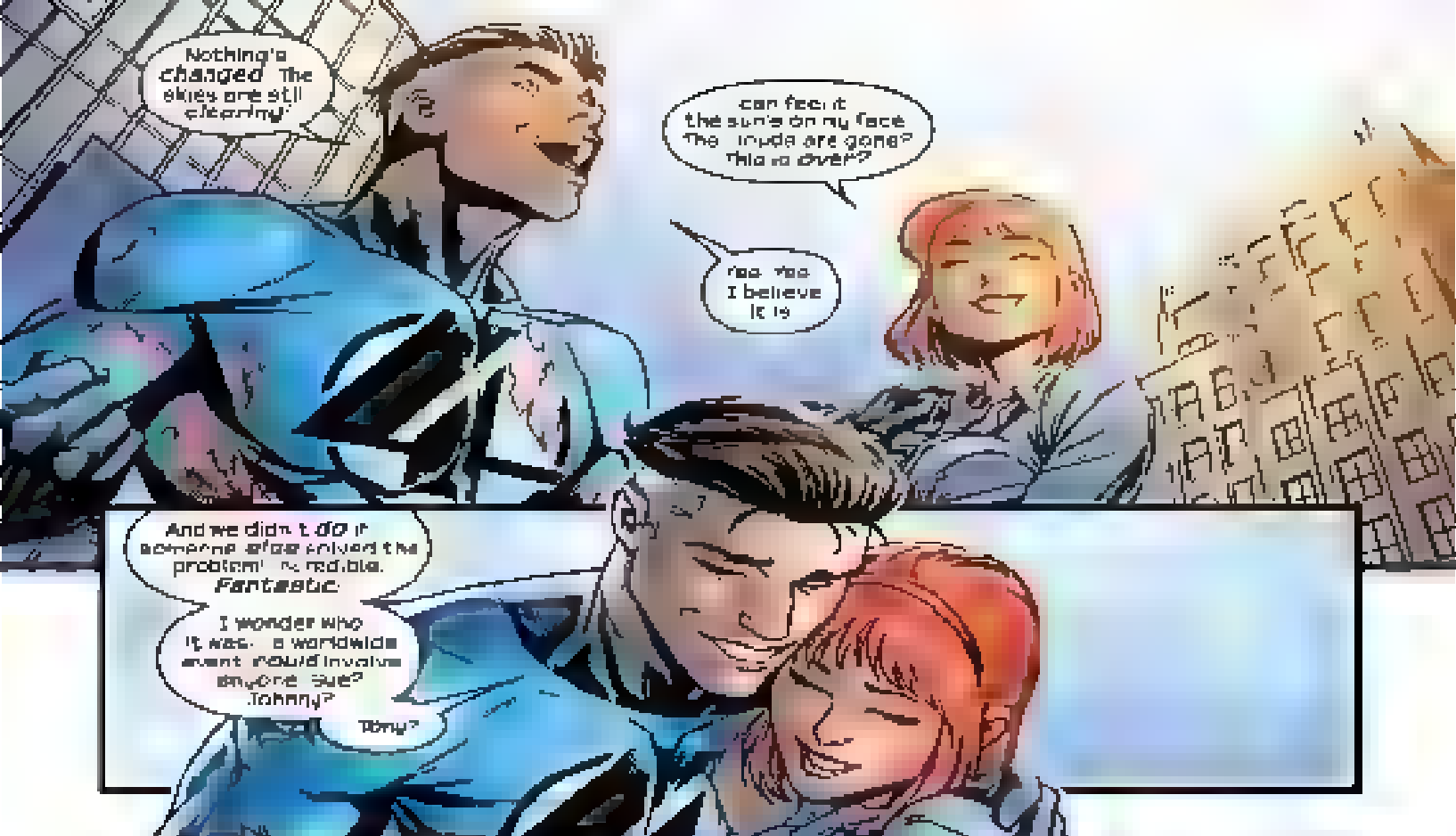


That
isn't me.

And that could be good news. That could actually be great news. Alicia, could you turn off the cellular resonator, please?



None.



Nothing's changed. The skies are still clearing.

can feel it the sun's on my face the invads are gone? this is over?

yes yes I believe it is

And we didn't do it someone else solved the problem! incredible. Fantastic

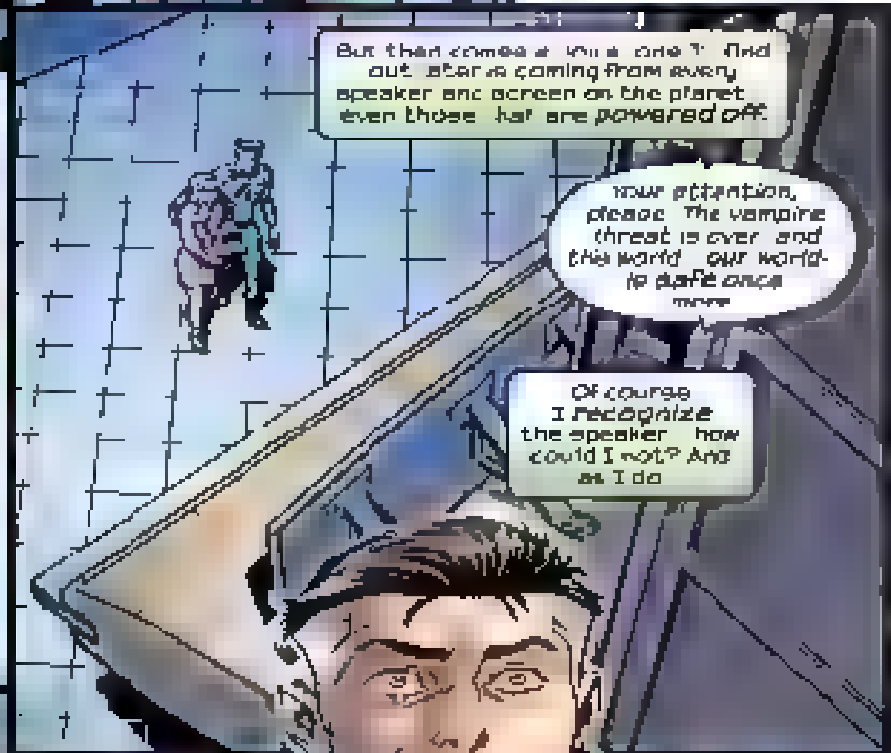
I wonder who it was. a worldwide event would involve anyone else? Johnny?

Danny?



Speaking of I'm getting messages from Sue. Aunt they're fine. They're safe.

Thank God



But then comes a voice one I find out later is coming from every speaker and screen on the planet even those that are powered off.

Your attention, please. The vampire threat is over and this world our world is safe once more

Of course I recognize the speaker how could I not? And as I do



the with tilt beneath my feet.

And you have just the man to thank. Earth's new, superior Sorcerer Supreme

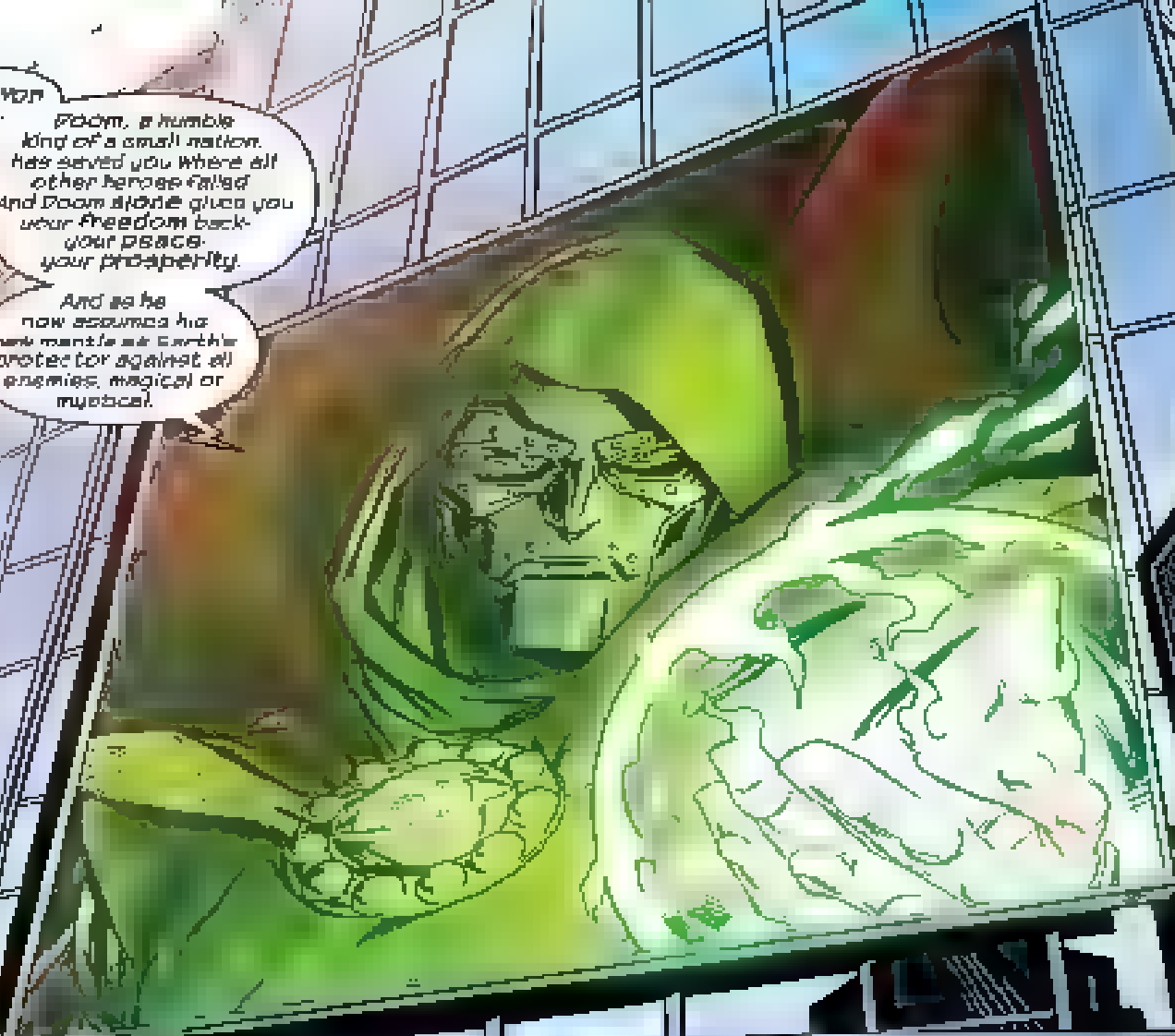
No

I can't be. I can't

...Victor von
Doom.

Doom, a humble
king of a small nation,
has saved you where all
other heroes failed.
And Doom alone gives you
your freedom back,
your peace,
your prosperity.

And so he
now assumes his
new mantle as Earth's
protector against all
enemies, magical or
mystical.



Doom will
have much to
announce very,
very soon.

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TO BE CONTINUED...

FOR THOSE OF YOU JUST
JOINING US, WE AND
WOLVERINE ARE TRAPPED
IN A ZOMBIE UNIVERSE!

OH OH
OW!

DEADPOOL AND WOLVERINE

WEAPON EXTRACTION
PART THREE

DEAD POOL: JAMES HAMILTON WOLVERINE: JIM LEE JIM LEE: JIM LEE
JIM LEE: JIM LEE JIM LEE: JIM LEE JIM LEE: JIM LEE

COME ON
BUDDY TAKE
THE FISH
ALREADY!

SWALLOW
IT DON'T JUST
CHEW IT!

WOL
OR 30' OFF
THE BOOTH!

Schill!

...DEAD





OKAY WHEN THAT PORTAL SHOWED UP BEFORE, I WAS TEMPTING FATE BY TALKING ABOUT A PARALLEL UNIVERSE.

GO ON

AHEM.



HOW WHAT IF THERE WAS A UNIVERSE WHERE INSTEAD OF ZOMBIES, IT WAS FILLED WITH HUNKS AND BABES, EACH AS GENEROUS AS THEY ARE FLEXIBLE AND OPEN-MINDED?

ESPECIALLY IF SAID HUNKS AND BABES WERE WILLING TO NAVIGATE THE GREAT COMPLEXITIES--AND EVEN GREATER REWARDS--ON AN OPEN RELATIONSHIP IN THE FORM OF A NONHIERARCHICAL POLYCULE?

BOY, IT'D BE CRAZY IF A PORTAL DUMPED US THERE!

WOM



...NOTHING? NOT EVEN A U/I PORTAL?

DANG IT.

ONE DAY, I'LL FIND MY WAY BACK TO YOU, PANSEXUAL ETHICAL NON-MONOGAMY UNIVERSE.





HOLY SHIT!
REALITY ITSELF IS
FALLING APART!

IS THAT
BAD? I FEEL
LIKE THAT'S
BAD.

I'M PRETTY
SURE THAT'S
ACTUALLY REALLY
BAD.

SO GET
US OUT
OF IT!



I JUST SHOWED
YOU, MAN! I
DON'T KNOW HOW.
WHATEVER'S BEHIND
THESE MULTIVERSEAL
PORTALS, IT'S NOT
ME! I CAN'T--

--CONTROL
IT.



(WHOOAAA!)

UP NEXT IN SPIDER-PUNK:
THE GHOST-SPIDER VS
WOLVERINE TRIES TO KILL HIM!
IT'S SO RUDE.

AND
ENTERTAINING!



NEXT: